An Epytaphe vppon the Death of the Right Reuerend and learned Father in God. I. Iuell, Doctor of Diuinitie and Bishop of Sarisburie. Whom God called to his mercie the .22. of September. 1571.

THe Iuell of our ioye is gone, the happie heauens haue wonne,
The greatest gift that euer was, with vs beneth the sonne:
Which makes such weepinge eyes, in Sallesbury they saye,
As all the ronning streames therof, can neuer washe awaye.
(Alas) is Iuell dead, the folder of the flocke,
If Death haue caught the Diall vp, then who shall keepe the Clocke?
O God, what greefe is this, thye charie Churche should want,
A Bishoppe of so good a grace, wher good men be so skant:
We feare the plague (they saye) but such a plague as this,
Sithens I was borne I neuer knewe, nor neuer shall I wis:
Yet are there some behinde, I trust will learne to knowe,
how Iuell to his dieng daye, his Talents did bestowe.
So busie at his booke, to bring the truth to light,
As they that lyke the redie way, maye looke and finde it right,
his house and housholde was so kept for his degree,
As Paull in his Epistles wrightes a Bishoppes house should bee:
his Diocesse I beleeue, hee kept in so good awe,
As Vertue is content to sweare, they liued within her lawe.
his handes and harte were free, the needie could not lacke,
Such peace and concorde planted hee, as nothing went to wracke:
And charie went to Churche, himselfe by breake of daye,
That his example might procure, the rest to go that waye:
And gaue vnto his men, their dueties when hee died,
With large and Lordlie recompence, this can not bee denied.
(Alas) with piteous mone, all Christians nowe maye weepe,
That wee haue such a Shepard gone: God helpe the selie sheepe:
Meethinkes I see in heauen, triumphant truth appeare,
And faythfulnes, which speake alowde, let Iuell nowe come neare.
Thappostelles all do prease, meethinckes to see his face:
And all the Angells go about to bring him to his place:
Euen Christ him selfe mee thinkes, I see begins to smile,
And saith: beholde my chosen frend, I lookte for all this while.
And Abraham rendes his clothes, and downe wells out his brest,
And sayth to Iuell iumpe in here, and take thye quiet rest.

Finis Quod. W. Elderton.

Imprynted at London, in Fleetestreate beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Euangelist by Thomas Colwell.

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